In Sickness And In Health

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In Sickness And In Health

by FandomsAndShipsGallore

Summary

Will gets a cold and turns into a big baby

Achoo, Will sneezed loudly. Hannibal looked at Will over the top of his book, "Bless you"

"Thank you," Will sniffled, "I think I'm sick."

Hannibal hummed and placed a hand on Will's forehead, "I would have to agree."

"Fix me, Dr. Lecter," Will whined. Hannibal chuckled, "It's not like I can just wave a wand and poof you're better, darling."

Will groaned and spread himself across the couch, "Why not?"

"Because, Love, I'm a doctor not a miracle worker," Hannibal tried to wiggle out from under Will's legs, "however, we do have this wonderful thing called medicine in the kitchen cabinet."

Will sighed, "But, that's soo far."

Hannibal finally got out from under Will and vanished into the kitchen. Will pulled the large blanket of the back of the couch and cocooned himself in it. Hannibal came back into the room with some tea and cold medicine only to discover the couch had been taken over by the dogs and a large blanket, which seemed to be coughing. Hannibal shooed the dogs and tried to find his husband under the mess of covers. Will whined when Hannibal pulled the covers back, "No! Too cold!"

Hannibal smirked at Will and handed him the cup of cold medicine. Will glared at Hannibal but begrudgingly drank it. When Will finished he pushed the small cup back into Hannibal's hand and pulled the covers back over his head. Hannibal slid the covers back down and placed his hand on Will's forehead again, "I'm going to get a thermometer and if your temperature is over 101 degrees your are going to take an ice bath."

"No," Will whined and ducked back under the covers. Hannibal went and found the thermometer. When he returned he pulled the cover back once more and put the thermometer to Will's lips, "We can do this the easy way or the hard way, Love. The easy way is you let me put this in your mouth or the hard way, I put this in a more... unpleasant place."

Will sighed and opened his mouth. Hannibal nodded once and set the thermometer in his mouth. When it beeped Hannibal took it from Will's mouth. The look Hannibal gave was almost comical, if it wasn't so worrying. Hannibal read the temp. 103. Hannibal sighed, "Will, love, I hope your ready for the tub"

"Why?" Will whined. Hannibal pulled the blankets off him, "Your temperature is 103 degrees"

Will made a quite oh before Hannibal picked him up bridal style and carried him to the tub. Will stripped slowly while Hannibal grabbed a bag of the ice from the freezer. Will yelped when Hannibal turned on the water and dumped in the ice. Will pulled his knees to his chest, "T- too c-c-cold, H-Hannibal"

"I know dear but your body needs to cool down," Hannibal ran a hand through his hair sympathetically. Will whimpered. Hannibal rechecked Will's temp, "99. 5 degrees much better."

"C-can I-I get o-out n-now?" Will shivered. Hannibal pulled up his sleeve and drained the tub. Hannibal wrapped a fluffy towel around Will's shoulder's and dried him of with another. Will warmed up a little as he dried off and stripped off his wet boxers. Hannibal brought him some boxers and pajama shorts then tucked him into bed. Will grabbed Hannibal's hand, "Stay"

"Of course," Hannibal pulled off his jacket and crawled into bed behind Will. The younger man pulled his husband's arm around his hip, "Mm, so warm"

Hannibal laughed and tucked his other arm under Will's neck, "I would hope I'm warm. I am still living."

Will reached behind him and smacked Hannibal's side, "That was awful!"

Hannibal laughed so hard he shook the bed. Will laughed too until he started to cough. Hannibal rubbed his back until he stopped hacking up a lung. Will rubbed his eyes, turned over, and burrowed his face in Hannibal's chest, "Ugh!"

Hannibal rubbed his back soothingly and Winston hopped into bed with the couple. Will rubbed Winston's head with one hand and Hannibal's with the other. Hannibal stuck out his bottom lip and pushed his hair back. Will hugged Hannibal's chest, "Are you sure there isn't a magic cure?"

"Quite sure," Hannibal laughed quietly. Will put his hand over Hannibal's face, "You are a real dick sometimes."

"A big one?" Hannibal asked with a smirk. Will tried so hard not to laugh he sent himself into a coughing fit, "Damn it, *cough* Hannibal!"

"Don't choke," Hannibal chuckled and patted his back. Will punched him in the chest. Hannibal made a fake sound of hurt. Will smiled and kissed Hannibal chest. Will grabbed Hannibal's left hand and smiled when he saw the older man's wedding ring. He linked their fingers so he could look at both rings together. Hannibal smiled, "In sickness and in health"

"Seems to be sickness more so lately," Will groaned. Hannibal hummed, "We should eat something."

"How about that chicken noodle soup you made last time?" Will smiled. Hannibal nodded and hoped out of bed. Will rolled out of bed, "Wait for me!"

Hannibal laughed as his husband pulled all the blankets around himself and shuffled over to Hannibal. The older man picked up Will and carried him down to the kitchen, "I would rather you not fall down the stairs."

"Man I have the best husband ever," Will kisses Hannibal's cheek as he set Will in the chair, "he cooks, he cleans, he's a doctor, he takes care of me, and he's super strong."

Hannibal blushed as he pulled ingredients out of the fridge. Will smiled from his seat at the island. Hannibal kissed Will's cheek as he went by and Will sighed, "If you get sick it's your own fault."

"Yes dear," Hannibal smirked. Hannibal brought Will some more cough medicine and a bowl of soup. Will sighed again but took the medicine. Hannibal wrapped his arms around his husband, "On the plus side your fever is gone."

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